

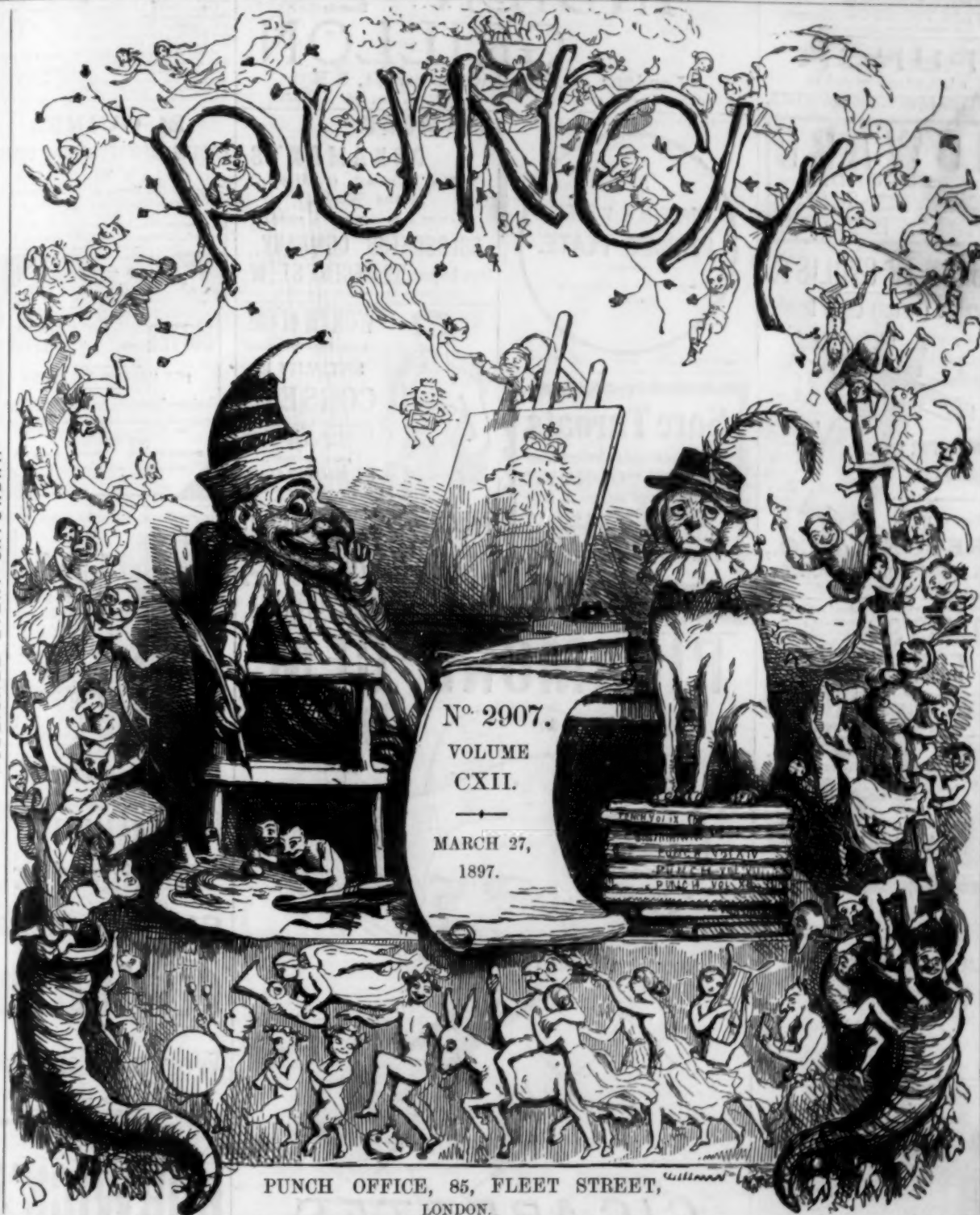
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### VENICE IN LONDON.

MR. SUMMINGTON JONES, OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, A LOVER OF ALL THINGS VENETIAN, HAS HAD HIS MOTOR-CAR BUILT ON THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE GONDOLA. ANY DAY, NOW, HE MAY BE SEEN RECLINING IN IT, HALF BURIED IN CUSHIONS, WHILST HIS ENGINEER, IN VENETIAN COSTUME, GUIDES HIM TO HIS CITY OFFICE.

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

NO. X.—OF GOING TO THEATRES—OF MR. TOOLE, MISS KATE VAUGHAN, AND MISS NELLY FARREN—OF SOLEMN YOUNG MEN—OF MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AND MR. DAN LENO—OF LAUGHING AND BEING AMUSED—OF VISITS TO TOWN.

MY DEAR JACK,—I am glad you enjoyed your little visit to London. For me, too, the occasion had its pleasures. I have come to an age when a man does not go to a theatre too willingly by himself. He dines in sedate comfort at his club, cherishing a vague idea that afterwards he may be tempted to rush out to a burlesque, a farce, a Shakespearian revival, or whatever at the moment may be tickling the groundlings, but the minutes and the hours slip away and ten o'clock finds him still in his comfortable armchair, with his feet poised on one of those invaluable red-baize rests which temper the miseries of a gouty man's pilgrimage through this world of hard pavements and tight boots. It was not always thus. Formerly—how distant it all seems—I should have thought it a mere wanton waste of time to spend a night in London away from the play. There was Mr. TOOLE, at whose shrine—he was then a bright particular star at the Gaiety Theatre—we split our sides; we watched the grim beginnings of Mr. IRVING in *The Bells*, waxed ecstatic over the beautiful movements of Miss KATE VAUGHAN as she danced in foam of white lace and flashing feet, or revelled in the sprightly and delightful impertinences of the ever-adorable Miss NELLY FARREN. Those were great days. You will say the change is in me. It may be, but something is changed too in the days (or nights) and in the entertainments they provide. A brightness and a cheerfulness, that I remember, have faded away, and even the young men, I notice, take their pleasures *moult tristement* and with a preternaturally starched solemnity. I have watched them sitting in their rows while their favourites tried to make them merry. They were not men, my dear JACK: they were blocks, white-fronted, single-studded, butterfly-tied, expressionless blocks, all moulded on one impassive, stupid, heavy model, bereft of all capacity for honest laughter and enjoyment, and planted in their

stalls, as it seemed, against their wills by some malignant and superior power which permitted them to smoke a cigarette and imbibe a whiskey and soda in the interval between the acts. Thank Heaven, you are not like one of these clods. You can laugh, and don't mind showing the world you are enjoying yourself. So I was not at all sorry to be taken by you to Drury Lane, and to see the amusing antics and hear the humour of Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and DAN LENO, born comedians both of them, with a natural gift of observation and mimicry that it would not be easy to surpass. You seemed surprised at the excess of my laughter. "Why, Uncle Bon, I believe you laughed more than me," was the observation you made. Well, why shouldn't I? The fact is, I was fresher than you (though you were but a schoolboy last summer), I had seen less of and lived less of late, I daresay, in this particular milieu, and the effect on me may have been greater. You, at any rate, laughed quite sufficiently to relieve me of any haunting suspicion that by exploding and applauding as I did I cast any disgrace upon you. You pointed out to me the hero TRUMBULL who, as you told me, is the grandest heavy-weight carman of his day. Well, TRUMBULL laughed very heartily, there was no solemn humbug about him, and what may be allowed to a TRUMBULL is surely not an offence in your uncle. In any case, if you will so far honour me, I am ready at no distant date to let you take me once more to a play. But this shall be during the vacation.

There was at Cambridge in my time a set of men who tried to live more in London than they did at their University. How they managed it I can't say, but they were perpetually in town, and made their lives one round of burlesques, dinners, and supper-parties, varied by excursions to race-meetings. I am sure their private means were not ample, yet they always seemed to roll in money, and glitter with jewellery. Their end was not peace—but I must postpone what I want to say about them for another letter. Midnight is booming from Big Ben, and even uncles must find time for sleep. Farewell.

Your affectionate uncle,

Bon.

### QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER BE ASKED.

Of an Actor.—"Don't you get dreadfully tired of saying the same words night after night?"

Of an Author.—"Do you mind telling me what pen you use?"

Of an Anarchist.—"Don't you find the noise of the bombs quite deafening?"

Of an Attaché.—"Are you quite hand-in-glove with Lord SALISBURY?"

Of a Burglar.—"How on earth did you get in?"

Of a Bird-fancier.—"Do you find you do a brisker trade in canaries, or in peacocks?"

Of a Collaborator.—"Does the other person think of it all, and you write it down?"

Of a Doctor.—"How do you know the right prescriptions to give people? It seems so wonderful that the chemist is a mere tool in your hands!"

Of an Elector.—"Nowadays, don't you find you have to be careful whom you do elect?"

Of a Fanatic.—"Do you take much interest in the subject?"

Of a Farmer.—"Which do you really prefer, sowing, or reaping?"

Of a Fireman.—"Don't you ever splash the wrong house, by mistake?"

ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICAL COMBINATION.—See Recent Epistle by MIKAÛBEROS GLADSTONIOS, last of the celebrated "Scriptores Greci," addressed to the Duke of WESTMINSTER on "The Eastern Crisis." "Bless and save the man!" exclaimed my aunt, in a low voice. "He'd write letters by the ream, if it was a capital offence!"—David Copperfield, Chap. LII.

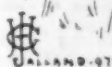
### "THE RUBBER FORESTS OF UPPER BURMA."

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "DUMMY," writes to say that, having seen the above heading to a paragraph in the *Times* he read no further, but at once sent to Mr. Punch's Universal Inquiry Office to know if the climate of Burma is so hot as to make even a sedentary game of whist possible only out-of-doors? Secondly, to know if *Hoyle's Guide* would be sufficient to take a stranger through the Rubber Forests? And thirdly, whether on coming out of the Rubber Forests the traveller would emerge on Card-Table-land? Also he inquires if there is much hunting in these forests, and if so, are packs kept in the neighbourhood? Any information on the above subject will be gladly received by "DUMMY, Trumpington Street, Cam."



*Policeman X. (to Sir Harry Hawkins). "HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BET, MY LORD. I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU THAT, BY A RECENT DECISION, THIS IS A 'PLACE,' ACCORDING TO LAW!"*

[*"After very careful consideration I have arrived at the conclusion that any area of enclosed ground . . . to which persons . . . resort . . . for the purpose of carrying on a ready-money betting business, may be a place within the meaning of the Statute," &c., &c.—Decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins in "Hawke v. Dunn," in which the other Judges concurred. Vide Times Report, March 15.]*



## FICKLE FASHION.

"WELL, KITTY, THIS DELIGHTFUL SEASON IS NEARLY OVER! DO YOU SUPPOSE WE SHALL HAVE TO TAKE TO THOSE STUPID BICYCLES AGAIN?"

## DARBY JONES REDIVIVUS.

HONOURED SIR,—A veteran like myself, wearied of watching the spin of the ball at Monte Carlo, of the British refugees who, wrapped in fur coats, pretend that they are enjoying the delights of sempiternal summer, and of sitting up all night playing baccarat with Eminences and smaller Hilltops of all lands—then it is that the Aged One begins to think once again of the green swards of that island Mother, which it was once the boast of her sons to declare to be absolutely free in matters of Sport. Alas! they can do so no longer, thanks to the agreement of a HAWKE and a HAWKINS over the meaning of an Act of Parliament, upon the meaning of which it has taken forty-two years to throw the X-rays of a judicial decision.

Many months ago, I advocated, under your world-spread banner, that all book-makers should be licensed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and, such is the See-saw of Events, I ventured to suggest that the Lord Chief Justice, Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, and Sir HENRY HAWKINS would, from their wide experience, be the most capable personages to draw up a scheme legalising the Layer of Odds (not forgetting, be it understood, his Genteel Penciller). That my humble suggestion will now be carried out seems improbable.

But with due disrespect to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. HAWKE, and other exponents of the great Principle of "Do-others-be-cause-you-don't-want-to-be-done-yourself," I distinctly assert, with all the confidence of those ancient Roman bookmakers, the Sybils, that Betting can no more be abolished in this country than can Scotch

whiskey drinking be removed from the Bars of the House of Commons—though both institutions be opposed to the ideas of those who want to make us enjoy ourselves while playing Spillikins and quaffing Toast and Water. With these reflections I turn to business. Let me saddle Pegasus for the Grand National (you will observe, that with my customary adroitness I make a classic allusion in connection with a classic event), and trust that the flutter of his wings may bring golden results to you and my clients.

*The Savage Man from Borneo*  
No longer will I sing;  
*Kit-Harry* is prepared to go,  
The 'Cret is quite the thing.  
Be careful how you cut your Coat,  
But bear this well in mind—  
*St. George's Banner* well may float  
The Cob-nut close behind.

Such, Sir, is the vaticination of the seer. May you be at Aintree to see the result of his forecast over a difficult line of constitutional country.

Your devoted henchman,  
DARBY JONES.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—There is no ground for asserting that Major BOR was recalled from Crete by the Committee of the Senior United Service Club. In fact, this gallant officer, who is a big Bor of first-rate calibre, has evidently been mistaken for the sempiternal Turkish Pasha BLUNDERBORE. Indeed, we fancy, in event of a Bor hunt, that the Cretan insurgents would have found themselves confronted by a big sticker in the person of the Major.

## THE PI-RÆUS.

Sing a song of Crisis,  
Everything awry;  
All the Powers of Europe  
Fingering the pie.  
When the game was opened,  
The Greeks began to sing,  
"Isn't Crete a dainty dish  
To set before the King?"

## A MODEST REQUEST.

(Sample of many of a similar character.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that we are approaching the glorious event of June next, when, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), I think the time has arrived when an act of, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), should be shown to a most deserving, &c., &c. (editorially deleted).

As you know, as at present arranged, the great historical procession which, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), is to travel *via* the Strand, Fleet Street, &c., &c. (editorially deleted).

What I would ask, and I ask it as one who has the greatest admiration for, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), that the procession should pass by Turnham Green.

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,  
Yours, not entirely unknown to fame,  
Turnham Green.

(Real name and remainder of address editorially deleted.)

NEW ATHENIAN PROVERB.—When Greek meets Greek then comes the talk of war.





Surrellen. "I'm goin' to t' Football Match, e-er!"  
 Maryalis. "You've got NOA BEASS. THEY WON'T LET YO' IN—  
 A-AH!" S. "YEA, THEY WILL." M. "NAY, THEY WON'T."  
 S. "THEY WILL, I TELL YO'! HAVEN'T YO' READ T' PLACARDS—  
 'LADIES ADMITTED FREE'!"

## THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

V.

SCENE—The Drawing-room. TIME—The next evening, about 7.45.  
 SPENCER and HENRIETTA, both suffering from suppressed nervousness, are awaiting the arrival of their respective fiancés.

Henrietta. The visitors' bell! SPENCER, it's probably FRITZ. You may think him a little cold and phlegmatic, at first—but it's only manner. You mustn't let it set you against him!

Spencer. (on the hearthrug). If it should be MERCY, you—you'll do what you can to make her feel at home, ETTA? Remember, she'll be shy and strange coming here for the first time, poor child, and—

[A knock is heard at the drawing-room door; both start slightly. MARIA enters, and announces Miss MARIGOLD, who appears with her hair elaborately fluffed and waved, and wears a black skirt with a silk blouse of resplendent hues.

Mercy. (with a sprightly ease, possibly due to extreme self-consciousness). Well, SPENCER dear, I hope you didn't think I was lost! Am I offally late? I was offally afraid I'd come to the wrong house at first. (To herself.) Not much style here! Shabby furniture, and a parlour-maid who knocks at the door. I call it poky!

Spencer. You're in capital time, my—my darling, capital time. Er—let me introduce you to my sister HENRIETTA.

Henr. (with an imperceptible gasp). I have heard so much about you from SPENCER, my dear. I—I hope we shall be excellent friends. (To herself.) Pretty enough; but oh, how can poor dear SPEN—

Mercy. I hope so, too—offally. (To herself.) A regular middle-aged frump. I needn't be afraid of her! (To SPENCER.) How do you like me in this? It is such a blessing not to have to wear that horrid nurse's dress any more—so offally disfiguring!

Spencer. Charming, charming. (To himself.) Somehow she looked more herself in that grey stuff, though, and what a trick she has got into of saying "awfully." Nervousness, no doubt.

Henr. (to herself). I must have one word with her alone, before FRITZ— (To SPENCER.) SPEN, dear, will you run down

and see if MARIA has put out the right claret? I am sure Miss—sure MERCY will excuse you.

Spencer. Why, really, I fancy that MARIA— Well, perhaps I had better just— (To himself, as he departs.) I knew she'd take to MERCY the moment they— Best to leave 'em together a little.

Henr. (when she and MERCY are alone). My dear, there are one or two little hints I—I rather wished to give you, if you won't take them amiss.

Mercy. (on the defensive). I'm offal—I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, Miss WOTHERSPOON.

Henr. My dear, not Miss WOTHERSPOON, please. If—as—we are to be sisters-in-law, you must call me "HENRIETTA."

Mercy. I'm only just getting used to calling SPENCER by his name. And then—it's such a mouthful, HEN-ETTA!

Henr. (wincing). Perhaps it is—if you pronounce it like that. Suppose you call me "ETTA"?

Mercy. But wouldn't that be rather familiar, when you're so much older than me?

Henr. (with intention). SPENCER is older still.

Mercy. Goodness! is he? But then gentlemen never do show their age like— What am I saying?

Henr. Nothing, I am sure, intended to— But what I wanted to say to you is this: we are expecting a—another friend this evening, and—(desperately)—so much, you don't know how much—depends upon your making a favourable impression.

Mercy. (drawing herself up). If you're afraid of my not behaving myself at table, perhaps you'll allow me to remark that I'm quite as able to conduct myself as a lady as some that think themselves my superiors!

Henr. Indeed, I quite— Pray don't imagine— It's merely— You made some allusion just now to the fact that, when you first met my brother, you were—

Mercy. A nurse? Well, what of it? I'm not ashamed of it, no more is SPENCER—so why should you be?

Henr. But I'm not, I assure you. All I mean is that—that there's no necessity to mention it—before strangers.

Mercy. (to herself). So likely I should! (Aloud.) Well, I've no objection to anyone knowing it, myself, but of course, if you're afraid of this lady friend of yours feeling insulted by—

Henr. Oh, no, no! And the—friend isn't a lady at all. (With growing embarrassment.) He's a foreigner, of a very old and distinguished family, and abroad, they—they have prejudices about some things which, though we don't share them, we—we—it is simply polite to respect—don't you see?

Mercy. Well, I'm not sure that I do exactly—unless— You're not hoping he means to propose to you, are you?

Henr. (with dignity). He has already proposed to me, and I have accepted him.

Mercy. Why, my dear ETTA, this is good news! I am glad. You really must let me— (She kisses HENRIETTA, who submits with as good a grace as possible.) And when is it to be?

Henr. Very soon. That is, unless— You do quite understand how—how naturally anxious I am that nothing—

Mercy. Why, rather! And don't you be afraid of me, ETTA! If this marriage of yours goes off, it won't be any fault of mine. You shall see how beautifully I can behave! (To herself.) I should be a little owl if I stopped this snuffy old foreigner from— Why, now I shall have the house—such as it is—to myself!

Henr. I was sure I could trust you, my dear MERCY. (To herself.) After all, FRITZ is a foreigner. He mayn't notice that she isn't quite—

Spencer. (returning). Oh, ETTA, my love, MARIA would like to speak to you. Some message or other that's just—

Henr. (to herself). From FRITZ! Can he be ill? (Aloud.) MERCY, my dear, if you will excuse me, I think I ought—

[She goes.

Mercy. Well, SPENCER, you might have told me ETTA was going to be married! Such a good thing for all parties!

Spencer. I only knew of it myself yesterday. I hope it's all right. But I haven't even seen him yet. He ought to have been here by now. He's an Austrian baron, or something of that sort, she met at Scarborough.

Mercy. Gracious! who'd have thought, to look at her, she was such a giddy little kitten? And what's the baron's name?

Spencer. (slightly annoyed at this flippant reference to his sister). VON GUBLER. FRITZ VON GUBLER. I'm not sure that he is actually a baron, but ETTA tells me he's a great friend of Lord COLCHAMPS', so I suppose— Ah, there he is at last, I hear the knocker. Why, you're not going to run away, my darling!

Mercy. (as she escapes). My hair feels coming down—so tiresome of it. I daresay ETTA can lend me—

Spencer. (alone, to himself). Curious that at the merest mention of a title— I'm afraid she hasn't seen very much society.

*Henr. (outside).* No, no, my dear, upstairs, not down. . . . A box of them on my toilet-table. . . . Be quick. (*Entering.*) FRITZ has come. I quite thought that message— But it was only from the fishmonger. Why MERCY couldn't leave her hair as it is, instead of— (*MARIA announces Mr. von GUBLER.*) Ah, my dear FRITZ, it seems such ages since Scarborough. So nice to welcome you to our own little house! My brother SPENCER.

*Fritz.* Mine HENRIETTA! I am lade. I com by the Ondergrount. (*To SPENCER.*) Glat to meed you. You hear the goot news of our engagement, yes? (*He looks round with patronising approval.*) You haf hier a fery gomfordable liddle dickins.

*Spn.* A little—? Oh, of course, it is comfortable—might be a trifle larger, perhaps.

*Fritz.* A goot deal. I schmell your muddon oal the vay opshstairs.

*Spn. (with some stiffness).* I'm afraid it is—ah—perceptible. One of the inconveniences of a small house.

*Fritz.* Oh, it's no madder. Ven I am hongry I do not opject to a muddon-schmell. And, however schmall the liddle house, as I say to mine HENRIETTE, "always, when we are married, we keeb a gorner for our goot SPENCER. Nefer we bermit him to lif by himself a zolidary!"

*Spn.* You're extremely considerate. I'm glad to say that I—ah—do not anticipate being solitary. Perhaps you haven't heard that I expect to marry myself very shortly?

*Fritz (staring).* You exbect—! Ha, ha. I see—gabitall! You dry to bull my leck? Golossal! Very vonny!

*Spn.* I am sorry it strikes you as humorous, but it happens to be the simple truth.

*Fritz.* So? (*Blankly.*) Pedder lade, you think, as nefer at all? After all, some bleasant elterly laty—

*Henr.* My dear FRITZ, I don't think that quite describes Miss MARIGOLD!

*Fritz.* MARIGOLT! (*To SPENCER.*) You marry a laty of the name of MARIGOLT?

*Spn.* Miss MERCY MARIGOLD. It's not very likely you have met— Perhaps the name is familiar.

*Fritz.* No, the name is shdrainch, else I am not surbrised. I nefer meed her.

*Spn. (as MERCY re-enters).* Then let me make you acquainted. MERCY, my darling, Mr. FRITZ VON GUBLER.

*Fritz (with wooden composure).* Glat to meed Miss MARIGOLT for the first dime.

*Mercy (demurely).* Offully pleased to make your acquaintance. We certainly ought to know one another.

*Fritz (suspiciously).* We ought to— Peg your bardon, I do not gombrehend.

*Mercy.* Oh, I only meant because we have a mutual friend— dear Lord COLESCHAFTS, you know!

*Fritz (stiffly).* I am not aware I haf ever the bleasure to meet you at Borings.

[*He stares at her with stolid disapproval, by which she appears very little impressed; SPENCER looks on in bewilderment, and HENRIETTA with a dismay that is tinged with dawning hope.*]

### WITH THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN.

'Tis a pity that the initials of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours should be the funereal "R.I.P.," as this exhibition proves them not only to be "All alive, O," but also "going uncommonly strong." The R.I.P. was never in better health. The Olympians directing the annual exhibition at Burlington House would do well to take a hint from the neat little guide-book which the Royal Institute of Water Colourists issues, price one shilling, including an elegant pencil attached to the catalogue by a strong silken cord.

We proceed to view the water-colour treasures here gathered together on the top storey, a locality suggestive of very High Art. Why isn't there a lift? However, there is not a lift, so, obey the R. I. showman, and "Walk up! Walk up!"

Commence in the most filial manner, by paying your respects to your DADD, of whose humorous handiwork No. 2, "*Who's there?*" (an old householder preparing to receive burglars) is an excellent specimen. Then note No. 18, Mr. R. D. FRY's "*Who would be a Whip?*" As time and space allow us only a rapid visit, go on to A. KINSLEY's "*A Breezy Afternoon*," and you'll learn what a sea-water colourist can do. Now take a turn inland, and rest awhile at YERND KING's No. 59, *Tankerness House*. Lovely. Drop into the farmyard at 111, and see ARTHUR WARDLE's "*Three Pigs and a Pup*." "If it's humour you want," as Mr. BRANDON THOMAS used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, why, here it is. Only, why are the pigs pink?

Indoors again, and see FRANK DADD's Squire sitting for his portrait, No. 146. Charming. At 160 you will pause to wonder



### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

*She.* "So MR. BINKS 'is' giving us a GREAT BARGAIN IN THAT WINE. ONLY SEVENTY-SEVEN SHILLINGS A DOZEN!"

*He.* "M—THAT'S A STIFFISH PRICE FOR US, RATHER."

*She.* "BUT HE ASSURES ME IT IS HIS REGULAR EIGHTY-NINE CHAMPAGNE. SO WE SAVE QUITE TWELVE SHILLINGS ON EACH DOZEN!"

how MILTON ever dared to publish his *Paradise Lost* after his MS. had been so severely criticised by CROMWELL. No wonder the poet only got five pounds for it. Mr. WIMPERIS, in his *High Down, Dartmoor*, has chosen the very subject for water-colours. Mr. DOLLMAN's "*Dogma*," representing two old-fashioned clergymen discussing a knotty point in the presence of a portly portwiney parson, is good; but the portly one is a trifle too luminously pink, just as the pigs are in ARTHUR WARDLE's above-mentioned. These two artists should advertise, "Pinking done here." FRANK WALTON's (207) *Land's End*, excellent. Quite freshening to look at it. Do not pass No. 368, "*La Vida es Sueño*," by ARTHUR BURRINGTON, R.I., who shows us a Spanish guitar-player "discoursing" a decidedly wicked-looking *Carmen*. The artist quotes, "Love is the dream within the dream," but, if you are up in modern music-hall classics, you will be inclined to ask, "Oh, can it be love?" Now "Hook the west port," that is, enter the West Gallery, and make for a picture by LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I., No. 82, entitled, "*Are you coming?*" It is excellent in every way, but, as it is hung only about a foot from the floor, you will have to go on your hands and knees to see it, a position to which even the worshippers of this clever artist might object.

In Nos. 190, 193, 194, 195 you will see choice TENNIELS, from Mr. Punch's collection, as is also 181, by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, who, "in another place," i.e. East Gallery, No. 333, has contributed a pleasant water-colour sketch, *The Church of St. Enogat, Dinard*. Before leaving, make your most polite bow to Sir JAMES LINTON's "*Rosalind*," looking as fresh as paint can make her, and thank him for a most pleasant entertainment.

SUGGESTION TO A WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL PERBUQUER.—Why, among your wonderful list of various kinds of wigs, for all sorts and conditions of theatrical characters, do you not include some special wigs for "Bald Translators"?



"THAT'S MR. SOAKER, WHO MARRIED MISS DASHWOOD. THEY SAY HE'S SUCH AN INDULGENT HUSBAND!"

"YES; I'VE EVEN HEARD THAT HE SOMETIMES—ER—INDULGES—A LITTLE TOO MUCH!"

#### WITNESSES IN WAITING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are a well-known advocate of justice, but I imagine that you are no supporter of Themis as personified at the Old Bailey. It has recently been my ill fate to have been summoned to the Old Bailey—not as a criminal, but as a witness. I believe, Sir, in all truth that I should have been better treated in the former capacity. If an Englishman be arrested in Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, or Johannesburg, it is long odds that he will indite a threatening, abusive, or piteous letter to the *Times*, declaring that he has been thrown into the society of the scum which always rises to the top, or amid the cosmopolitan dregs that generally sink to the bottom.

I cannot conceive, however, that his case could be worse than mine, that of a law-abiding, rate-paying and honest citizen. Day by day for one week, guarded by inspectors and detectives, I have been thrust among as offensive a crew as ever desecrated the name of humanity. Day by day—for the indictment on which I attended was continually being postponed—I was forced to be a wretched sufferer. Raucous ruffians exchanged fearsome jokes with the New Women of the lowest class, while impudent scoundrels openly jeered at the constables who seemed powerless to secure decent behaviour within a few feet of the august Recorder and the other judges assembled to maintain the majesty of the Law. If there be with us a modern HOGARTH to-day, let him hie to the Old

Bailey, and depict with photographic exactness the trials, not of the dock, but of the witness-box. Yours irritatedly,

DECIMUS DRACO.

Justinian Lodge, Clapham.

#### 'ARRY ON DIAMOND JUBILEE CHARITY IN GENERAL,

*And the Invalid Children's Aid Association in Particular.*

[The Invalid Children's Aid Association, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, is greatly in need of money for surgical appliances and long stays at nursing homes.]

DEAR CHARLIE,—You've been on the wonder for weeks, or I reckon you've, As to wot 'ad become of your chum. Well, he's 'ad, ah! the narrowest shave! Flung bang off my bike at a brick wall, when scorching down hill against time! Only just wot they call "converlescent"; a state, my dear boy, as is primo.

I've gone a bit soft in the uptake along of long danger and pain. On your back in a bed, with ribs bandaged, and small chance of biking again, Or padding the hoof e'en on crutches, with fever-dreams spinning like mad About your shayed head—well, there, CHARLIE, it limbers you out like, my lad.

Way-oh! I must turn off that tap, CHARLIE! 'Tain't in my line, as you know,

But I've just had a spell at the pyppers, fast time for two months, don'tcherknow, And they're full up with "Diamond Jubilee," "Prince o' WALES' Fund, and all that.

Well, I tell you this "Charity," CHARLIE, is not wot I fancied, that's flat.

I 'are called it mollyslop muck, mate, but when you've 'ad Hospital care, When you're down on your luck and broke-up like, then Charity takes on a air

Which to chaff and to chivvy permiskus is like shying stones at a saint; So this Jubilee Charity's a real good business, I'm blowed if it ain't.

There's the "Invalid Children," now, Charlie! Nurse GRACE has been telling a tale

Of them poor young kid-cripples whose sufferings would make good old GORDON go pale.

Poor rickety, twisted, pale morsels—I've seen 'em, old man, and I know—

With their crutches, and cramped limbs, and faces grey-white like a slum in the snow.

They "Surgical Aid" them, these children, at Buckingham Street, in the Strand. Eighteen, Nurse GRACE says is their number. Now, instrument, bandage and band

For their maimed little limbs will cost money. Perhaps my own turn makes me queer;

But wot do you think of this job for our Diamond Jubilee Year?

Not so toffy and taking a Charity, CHARLIE, as some, I dessay;

But long stays at nice Nursing Homes for poor nippers in pain who can't pay!—

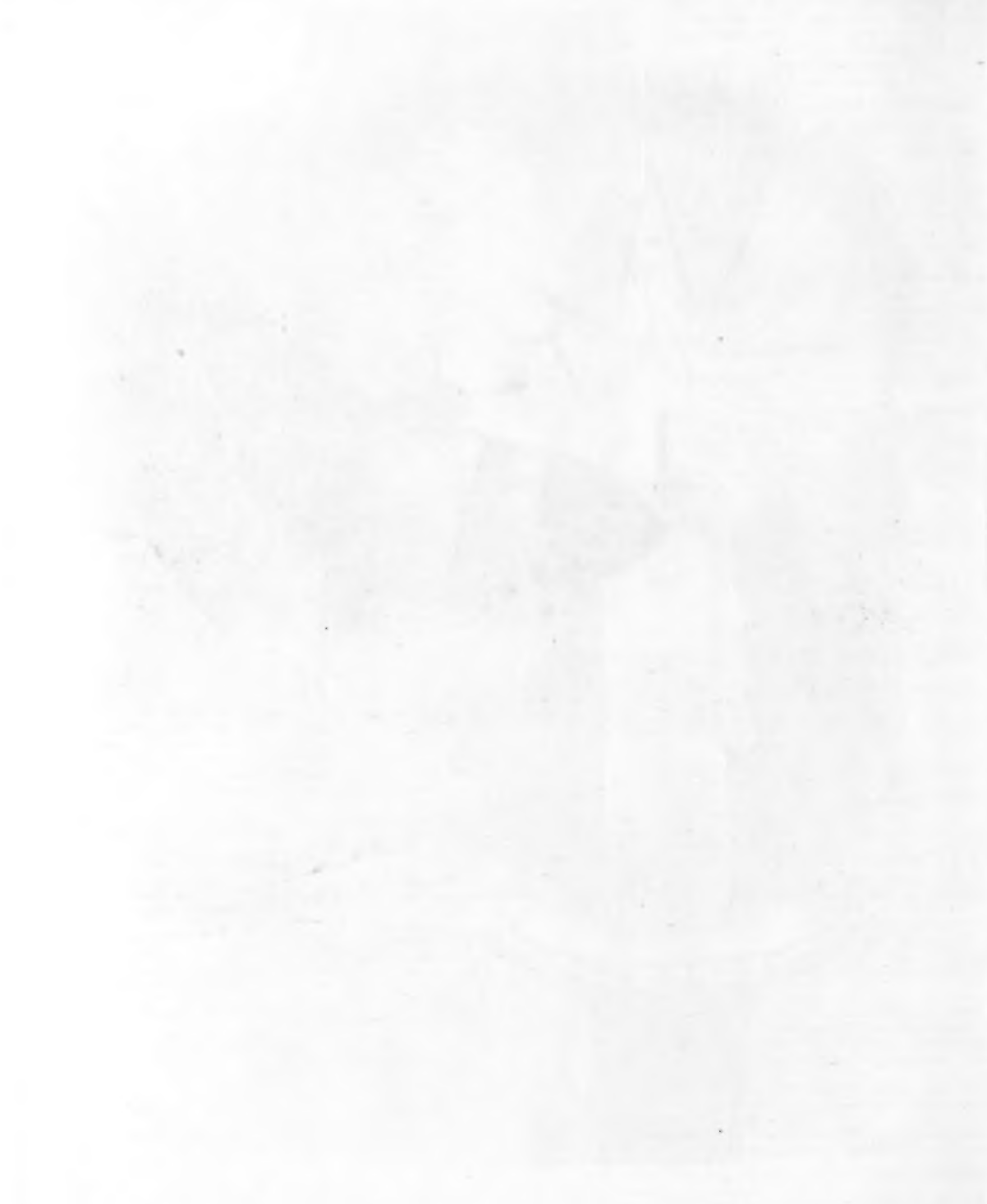
Well, I must cut this short, feeling limp-like; but I'll send 'em all I can carry, And if H.R.H. wouldn't back me like beans, it's a wonder to 'ARRY.





THE GREEK MOTH.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
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CHICAGO, ILL. 60607



## OVERHEARD AT A CITY RESTAURANT.

"I SAID WELSH RADISH, NOT HORSE RABBIT!"

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—I have spoken you of my voyage to Mark Lane. Eh well, I visit the Tower, I find there some things enough curious, some crowns enough superb, and some "beefsteaks" in middle-aged costume very picturesque. Ah, the brave eaters of beef! And see there all! Therefore I come again to Charingcross, by the Railway under Ground, where I voyage at present without difficulty, after some rude proofs—*de rudes épreuves*.

I shall forget never my first voyage in this subterranean. I came of to arrive at London. I studied carefully the plan of the town and, for to see this Railway under Ground, I willed to go one day from Charingcross to Gowerstreet, the half of the circle. In that time there I believed that there was but one sole circle, and that all the trains traversed the same road. By consequence, after to have found the quay—thing enough difficult—*je m'élançai*, I shot myself, in the first train. Having observed on the plat fourteen stations from Charingcross to Gowerstreet, I inquired myself not of the all that he was to me absolutely impossible that of to distinguish the names of the stations where the train arrested himself. It is true that, at the middle of the obscurity and of the smoke, I saw some names, much of names, evidently some announces, some *réclames*, but never the name of the station. After to have passed of them several we were in full air. I respired again. Then the train advanced at the middle of trees and of gardens, and traversed a river. "*Quelle ville énorme!*" I thought. "*Voilà le beau quartier tout auprès de la Tamise, probablement le Hyd Parc que j'ai remarqué sur le plan.*" Yet two or three stations and then the train arrested himself during some minutes.

I attend patiently. A factor opens the *portière* and says me, "Olchaingiah." *Ciel, quel nom! Sans doute une rue, comme la rue Olborn.* "No," I respond to him, "Govairestrète." "Blouminfrenché," says he at low voice, and then he shouts, "Olchaingiah." "I am not deaf," I say, "I have heard the name of this station. I go not to Olchaingiah, but to Govairestrète." Then he makes me some signs, I comprehend that I must to

change of carriage, I descend, and one employed demands my ticket. "Allo," says he, "Gaouahstrite." Ah, *on le prononce comme ça!* Then one explicates to me that it is here the station of Richemonde, and that I ought to return to the station of Gloasterode for to go to Gaouahstrite.

Eh well, I part, and this time I search very carefully the names of the stations. I see of them several on the lamps, but not Gloasterode. After nearly one hour of voyage the train arrests himself during some minutes, and I think that it is the embranchement of Gloasterode, when a factor opens the *portière* and says me, "Olchaingiah." *Sapristi! Après une heure de voyage! C'est assomant!* Again I arrive to Olchaingiah by another route! I descend furious. *Il y avait de quoi*, he had there of what. "How," I demand, "is it again the station of Richemonde, which calls herself Olchaingiah?" "Not Richemonde," responds he very quick, "Mannahnaouss. Richemondes thotheway. Go back in thisre train."

I mount again one time in the carriage. I pass again a dozen of stations, and then I become so fatigued that I insleep myself, *je m'endors*. A cry awakes me. I listen. It is "Olchaingiah." *Sacré nom de nom! Encore cette gare! J'en ai assez*, I have of it enough. See there three hours that I voyage, and I make but of to arrive to this villain station! I will not to go to Gowerstreet, I shall go no part, I shall go direct to the hotel. I throw my ticket, I buy one other, I demand at each station if we are arrived to Charingcross, *comme ça*, as that, I succeed to distngu sh her, and in fine I quit this miserable railway, suffocated, fatigued, disgusted, but happily without to arrive again one time at Olchaingiah.

Agree, &amp;c., AUGUSTE.

## HENRY BLACKBURN.

Died at Bordighera, March 9, 1897, Aged 67.

FAREWELL, long-trying and genial friend of Art!  
"Academy Notes" made yours a household name;  
In picture-land you bravely bore your part,  
And earned a place in Britain's roll of fame.

"R.A." New Gallery, will know no more  
Their guide and mentor that returned each May;  
Bound homeward, on the far Italian shore,  
A kindly soul in sleep has passed away.

## ENGLAND'S PEACEFUL MISSION.

In view of recent events the following regulations are suggested for the conduct of Peaceful Missions to barbarian kings, &c.:—

(1.) A punitive expedition shall start at the same time as each peaceful mission.

(2.) The peaceful mission shall march not more than four hundred yards in front of the punitive expedition, or, not more than four hundred yards behind it—as may be considered desirable.

(3.) Each member of a peaceful mission shall carry at least one (loaded) Winchester rifle (not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith), which may be presented to or at the natives as circumstances may direct.

(4.) As a precautionary measure, a Salvation Army band shall accompany each peaceful mission, and in case of emergency shall be ordered to play. The officer in charge of the mission will use his own discretion as to when it is necessary to resort to this extreme measure.

(5.) At least one Maxim gun—properly muzzled according to the regulations of the County Council—will be attached to each peaceful mission.

(6.) A transport waggon will accompany each mission to carry the visiting cards of the members. The officer in charge will be responsible for the proper distribution of these cards among the local chiefs, according to their relative standing and the extent of their families. For convenience of transport, and to ensure prompt delivery, the cards will be made up in the form of cartridges.

(7.) Should the chief to whom the peaceful mission is sent require explanation on any point connected with the mission, he is to be at once referred to the officer in command of the punitive expedition, who has orders to afford him every satisfaction in his power.

*Special note.*—In future the Riot Act is to be read after a massacre instead of before, as laid down in former regulations.

GOOD NAMES.—The well-known advertising agent, WILLING, is turning himself into a company. Just the man to do it. WILLING has "the ready," so what better trading firm can there be than "The Ready and Willing"?





## A CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAF.

*Fair Sitter.* "OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY ARTISTIC, AND I'M SURE I COULDN'T TELL IT FROM A REYNOLDS, OR A RAPHAEL, OR ANY OF THOSE OLD PAINTERS; BUT, STILL, I DO WISH YOU COULD WORK IN MY BICYCLE SOMEHOW!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has been at considerable pains to write some historical guide-books for the instruction of travellers. They deal in detail with objects of art and antiquity, showing how local habitations grew to what they were once, and then became what they are now. In Paris, for example, our guide, philosopher, and friend, posing as *Le Diable Boiteux*, takes the traveller on a flying visit, passing over the Champs Elysées, le Tour Eiffel, the Musée Grévin, and other "vulgar wonders," letting him drop into Notre Dame, then into La Sainte Chapelle, then among the mediaeval carvings and tapestries of Cluny, and finally deposits him safe and sound in the galleries of the Louvre. In all these places Mr. GRANT ALLEN will give you, in the pleasantest manner possible, a fuller account of the art treasures and of the history of each place than can be found in the necessarily limited space of a "common or garden" guide-book. Modestly does our *Diable Boiteux* apologise in his preface for not being invariably correct. He owns that some of his information may be erroneous, and he implores whatever gentle reader may detect the guide's shortcomings not to be too hard on him, but to speak gently of the author's slip, and to set him right without unnecessary harshness, and without causing a rupture between himself and his publisher. Any such errors it will take Mr. Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" to detect, and it may be with certainty affirmed of both these historical Guide-Books to Paris and to Florence that they will be most useful companions to the traveller, and will afford delightfully instructive entertainment to those who, in consequence of the *res angusta domi*, or for any other reason, can only make the grand tour in their own comfortable arm-chair at home.

*The Story of Aline* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) comes to hand in second edition form. My Baronite ventures to predict that before long it will have passed far beyond that satisfactory mark of public esteem. Presumably a first novel, it is marked by rare workmanship. There is nothing particular about the plot, which

is the old, old story of the wrong people marrying whilst the right people were within reach, withheld from possession by temporary accident. But the successive phases are worked out with surpassing skill. Nothing could be cleverer than the way in which Mrs. EDWARD RIDLEY lightly withdraws from the scene, taking her puppets with her, just when she has brought her story (or her story has brought her) into a dangerously embarrassing situation. The word puppets is here used without prejudice. The men and women who work out *The Story of Aline* are real flesh and blood, even those of minor importance being moulded with sure instinct and plastic fingers. Certainly one of the best novels of the still young year. THE BARON.

## "KWAAJE."

If a word more short than civil you should happen to desire, To preserve for future uses in a note-book or *cahier*, Pious, polished Mr. KAUGER can supply what you require In that word of many meanings, that debatable "*kwaaje*." Then, if you are somewhat like him, with a Puritanic style, And a simple sort of speaking, saying just "Ah, nay! Ah, yea!" It is possible your pious air may save you for a while From the kicking which should follow when you call a Queen "*kwaaje*."

But perhaps we should remember, when discussing Boer Dutch, That, in his enlightened country, of the *canaux*, *canaille* et *Canards*, two are not so frequent—ducks, canals—so there is much Of the third, who speak of ladies so politely as "*kwaaje*."

GOING CHEAP.—"A Complete Peerage for Half-a-Crown." Hurry up, and don't miss this chance—you may not get another. But it turns out to be nothing more than the guide to a new work published by the proprietors of *Whitaker's Almanack*.

FRENCH FOR A GAMBLING CLUB.—"*Un Cercle Vicioux*."

## THE ARMS-BEARER'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* What is your reason for assuming arms?

*Answer.* The custom enables me to adorn my note-paper and furniture in a pleasing fashion.

*Q.* Does the assumption need the sanction of the Heralds' College?

*A.* Speaking by the card, "yes," but many arm-bearers are satisfied with the display of their crest and motto by publicity-seeking stationers.

*Q.* Is there any penalty attaching to the assumption of unauthorised arms?

*A.* The earl marshal in olden days had the right to efface a false armorial bearing from a shield or the panels of a carriage.

*Q.* Is it likely that the earl marshal of to-day would exercise such a right?

*A.* Most unlikely, as the present Duke of NORFOLK is a most courteous gentleman, who would probably shrink from running the risk of being served with a police court summons. Besides, his Grace, as Postmaster-General, has other things to do.

*Q.* Is there any other punishment for the assumption of false armorial bearings?

*A.* An occasional exposure in a newspaper, and the chronic, but partially-concealed, merriment of one's friends.

*Q.* Is there any defence for assuming a device without the sanction of the authorities that are in Queen Victoria Street?

*A.* Certainly; had the heralds continued their "visitations" beyond the middle of the seventeenth century, there would have been no difficulty in ascertaining "who's who" at the end of the nineteenth.

*Q.* Then if SMITH of Tooting assumes the arms of the Duke of SMITHSHIRE, he is not to blame?

*A.* He has no ground but "to the best of his belief" upon which to work. As both he and the Peer claim SMITH for a patronymic, it is possible that there may be a blood relationship between them.

*Q.* Would the assumption receive the sanction of "Garter" and his associates?

*A.* No; but they might assist SMITH in obtaining arms something like the Duke's in composition, but twice as elaborate and several times more handsome.

*Q.* Do you think that there is a universal blood relationship?

*A.* Yes, with a common source in NOAH.

*Q.* Can you not carry the human pedigree further?

*A.* Certainly, it dates back to ADAM.

*Q.* But you cannot give the direct line of ascent from NOAH to EVE's husband.

*A.* No more can the Heralds' College.

## TWINS.

Two baby girls! My brain, O Fate,

At your excessive bounty whirls!

With fatuous joy I contemplate

Two baby girls!

I'll christen them as one who hurls

Defiance at convention strait—

"Bubble" and "Squeak" dyspeptic churls

Suggest as names appropriate.

Yet what to call my precious pearls?

I have it—KATE and DUPLI-KATE!

Two baby girls!

## Close-fisted.

Mrs. Savell (after reading contents bill of newspaper). What luck the Prince of WALES do 'ave! He won the Derby with FitzSimmons, and now 'e's carried off the "Great Contest in America" with same good old 'orse. No, my boy, I don't want to buy the paper; the news is enough!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 15. —With Education Bill in Committee the nights pass and resemble each other. Considering enormity of interests at issue, depth of passion stirred, proceedings are dolefully dull. JOHN O' GORST sitting at end of bench a picture of monumental woe is enough of himself to make the soul sad. Beyond is the hopelessness of the whole business. The task of SARK's old friend Sisyphus quite a lively and varied



Sir William declines to "Name the day."

performance compared with that of Members in charge of amendments to Education Bill. After one has been rolled a little way up the hill, PRINCE ARTHUR drops the closure on it, and away it goes to the bottom. Another is substituted, and same process takes place.

Not even the excitement of threatened revolt in Ministerial ranks. HOBHOUSE occasionally hesitates in doubt; but there is nothing revolutionary about HOBHOUSE. COURTNEY more promising of sport. But he labours under disadvantage of being naturally expected to differ from his own side—whichever it may chance to be. The salt of the daily food of the House of Commons is the unexpected. If COURTNEY would some day agree with the majority of the moment, then would thrill through the House the joy of the unexpected, its one unfailing refreshment.

PRINCE ARTHUR, bound to the labouring oar, grows fretful. To sit hour after hour listening to Members opposite saying the same thing over again at slightly increased length is a trial to the brazen Mace. For PRINCE ARTHUR it is torture. Yet if he followed his impulse, went out to put his feet on the mantelpiece of his own room for a glad half hour, he might come back to find the Vice-President of the Council had been "saying things." So he sits it out, and just as when an elderly maiden lady is about to faint she applies her smelling-salts, so PRINCE ARTHUR, when state of coma is almost reached, moves the closure.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, in happier circumstances, spares himself an occasional hour's attendance. Fortune has given PRINCE ARTHUR a big majority, tempered by JOHN O' GORST. Heaven has put the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in a minority, but has blessed him with a blameless ex-Vice-President of the Council. Sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR,

sighing, says MALWOOD's is the happier state. Certainly ACLAND, standing at the table discoursing learnedly about the Bill, makes no angry passions rise. His preachments are disturbed only by wonder that he has omitted to put on the surplice and bands good curates usually wear.

The most effective speeches delivered from Front Opposition Bench in the long palaver are HENRY FOWLER'S. Brief, pointed, comprehensive in view, moderate in tone, they sometimes almost persuade PRINCE ARTHUR to concede an amendment. Resisting the temptation, he pounces instead.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday.—House deeply indebted to JOHN WILSON of Falkirk for making it acquainted with one of the most delightful military forces ever paraded off the operatic stage. The 5th Battalion of the Lanark Volunteer Scottish Rifles is the full style blazoned on the scroll of fame. There has, it appears, been some little difference of opinion between the battalion and the War Office. War Office tyrannically used its authority to disband the battalion. Forthwith the heather aflame; public meetings stirred Lanarkshire to lowest depths of its mines; public meetings held in every parish; SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR burned in effigy; ST. JOHN BRODRICK periodically blown up by small charges of cordite.

JOHN WILSON charged to bring matters under notice of High Court of Parliament. A loyal Ministerialist, he did not shrink from duty imposed upon him. Even moved adjournment in order to discuss, as "mat-



"A definite matter of urgent public importance." Mr. J. WILSON of Falkirk.

ter of urgent public importance" the iniquitous raid on a gallant battalion. This made opening for BRODRICK, who narrated to delighted House the history of the battalion. For fifteen months it has possessed no Colonel, and none would undertake the command. It frequently happened at com-





'No voice, however feeble, lifted up for truth, dies.'—Whittier.

# IS THE FALL OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS NEAR AT HAND?



SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY. { 'Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them; Nought shall make us rue, IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE!'

THE PIVOT OF DUTY: STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE: WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

'Duty alone is true: there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life: the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment. . . . And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of labour, of love, or of duty—like the silkworm that spins its little cocoon and dies, we, too, depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power; and when that is done the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the Immortality we shall at last put on.'—SMILES.

When the SPIRIT of DUTY has DEPARTED or become DEADENED, or SUPPLANTED by a SELFISH VANITY of POWER, or aggrandisement, &c., THEN THE FALL OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS IS NEAR AT HAND—but NOT UNTIL THEN.

What higher aim can Man attain than Conquest over Human Pain?

**RUSSIA AND ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'**—'Would you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in RUSSIA for the sale of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'? If not, would it be possible to send two or three bottles through the post? WE HAVE USED ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' now for some time, and THINK SO HIGHLY of it that my wife says she WOULD NOT be WITHOUT IT for a great deal. For Children's Ailments I KNOW of NOTHING to EQUAL IT. IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM. Our little ones have had no other Medicine for some time. NO MATTER WHAT the AILMENT may be, COLD, HEADACHE, or STOMACH-ACHE, ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' SEEMS TO CURE in a MARVELLOUSLY SHORT TIME. It is just the Medicine we have long required. Something THOROUGHLY EFFICACIOUS, which acts quickly, and is pleasant to the taste.—I am, faithfully yours, A BRITISH CHAPLAIN.'

**THE TRANSVAAL!!! PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA—LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.**—'Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.—I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of Africa. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' November 16, 1896.'

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